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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

Puck

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The rattle and thunder of the old drums has not yet died out of the ears of the men of this generation. Good drums they were, too. They led us on to the grandest battles of our national life. At their lightest tap an army rose. Their rumble came clear and cheery to the hearts of the women at home, high above the gloomier roar of battle. Far to the South, far to the West we heard them, and their echo over seas drowned the treacherous whisperings of unavowed foes. They beat triumphant time for the weary feet that tramped back in the day of hard-won peace. Their long, low roll was the best requiem of our first and greatest martyr. Let us never forget the song of those drums.



Of all the girls I ever saw,
 You are the one I most adaw;
 Of all the girls I ever seen,
 You are the daintiest little queen;
 Of all the girls I ever seed,
 You are the loveliest, indeed;
 Of all the girls I ever sorn,
 You are the dearest ever born.

But the song of the day is a different song; and the old drums cannot sing it. We may hold them in grateful remembrance; but the people can no longer march behind them in close order. Their sound is muffled; their strings, wet with blood and the dews of the battlefield, are loose beyond all tautening. Their ghostly taps only lead us in old ways, among dead feet. They bring back to our memories the miseries of discord and disunion; the black days of the Republic; the days and nights when the nation's wounds lay open and bleeding. Ahead of us are the live issues of the hour; around us are men yet fit to lead us forward—and we hear only the music of the past, that beckons only backward.

Oh, this is St. Valentine's Day,
 My heart it is merry and gay:
 Oh, fair little maiden,
 Wilt make earth an Aidenn,
 And be mine forever? Now, say!



New drums—new drums! New men, if we may have them; at all events, new drums! All the fighting was not done between '61 and '65. There is enough of it now—of a less gory sort, perhaps; but quite as earnest, as real, as necessary in its way. The battle for the relief of a people among whom the burdens of life are unjustly distributed is not half won yet. The monopolist of to-day is as truly a traitor to his country as the copperhead of twenty years ago. Oh, there is plenty of fighting ahead, and plenty of good men hankering for it, and enough, in all conscience, to be gained by it—but where are the drums to follow? There must be a new deal of drums in the political army, and if the old men cannot beat the new drums—well, we will find men who can.



Come with me
 O'er the lea,
 Where the butterfly and bee
 Glint and shine
 On flower and vine,
 And always be my Valentine.

There is one thing in which this country is far ahead of all others that are blessed with representative institutions. We produce about as choice and precious an article in the way of legislator as can well be produced. Isn't our typical Congressman a beauty? Just take a look at his portrait on the front-page of this paper. It is neither flattered nor exaggerated. The majority of members of our disgusting New York Board of Aldermen are pretty tough cases, but they are ministering angels compared with the average Congressman. Why—to be serious for a moment—it may be asked, does America, the land of unconventionality and freedom, produce such a creature as this? Visit the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, the Parliament House in London, and the Reichstag in Berlin.

Let me tell you, Minnie Mary,
 This 14th of February
 Is the time, O maid divine,
 To say: "Oh, be my Valentine!"



Look at their members, and then carry your mind back to your representatives who are misrepresenting you at Washington. The effete foreign legislator may be a crank, he may be a bigot, he may be an autocrat or a narrow-minded conservative; but he is generally honest, and goes to the councils of his country with a sincere desire to serve it, even if in so doing he gratifies personal ambition and looks after his own interests. He does not make profits by acting as a claim agent; he does not accept bribes from persons who may be in-

terested in the passage of certain bills; he does not sell himself to the highest bidder in the lobby. In short, he is not there to steal, to be corrupted or to make a beast or blackguard of himself. Can as much be said for most of our Congress of lawyers? Are they at Washington as high-minded patriots or as wretched tricksters, as honest men or as thieves? These questions need no answer.

Here's the little queen of flirts,
 Here's her photograph, by Kurtz;
 She's divinely lovely, that's
 Why I want to buy her hats.



The laws of Archon Draco, the celebrated Athenian legislator, had very many good points to recommend them. The idea was to inflict the same punishment for a small as for a great crime. That punishment was generally death; and it was found to work very well. Suppose an Athenian citizen refused to pay his fare on a horse-car, he was beheaded or tortured to death for the offense, just as if he had murdered the conductor. According to the recent prison investigation in this State, we haven't made such a fearful amount of progress since Draco's time—B. C. 623. We don't hang everybody right off for stealing a pin, but we send him to jail, and there permit the wardens and keepers to put the prisoner to death in any way that may suit their taste and fancy. The process may take a little longer to work out than Draco's mode, but the result, sooner or later, is the same. We don't wish to interfere with the legitimate recreation of keepers and wardens, but we should, at the same time, like to see some of their own methods of funning with their prisoners tried on themselves.



Here's the girl with lilac eyes,
 Who to any 'd be a prize;
 But my love for her's not rash,
 Owing to a lack of cash.

We do not deny that five cents at any time of the day from the Battery to Harlem is a very cheap ride in comfortable cars on an elevated railroad. But why should it not be a cheap ride? The land on which it is built is the property of the people; and if the capitalists who have put their money into it are not satisfied to make from five to ten per cent on their investment, let them take their capital elsewhere, and the people will take the roads into their own hands and run them to suit themselves. Mr. Field, the lawyer for the "L" roads, has a very bad case, indeed; and in his evidence before the Albany Senate Committee he makes it rather worse. To "water" or inflate stock is perfectly justifiable in private enterprises; but where the public welfare is concerned it ought not to be permitted. The receipts from the "L" roads are at present devoted to the payment of dividends on stock which has no real existence. Five-cent fares, or even less, will pay a handsome dividend on the actual cost of the roads, and we don't see why Mr. Cyrus Field, Mr. Jay Gould or Mr. Galloway should expect more. Monopoly at the expense of the people has been having its own way too long, and it is time that the people had a show at the expense of the monopolists. But it won't be at much expense for the monopolists; they will simply have to disgorge some of their ill-gotten gains.

Here's the little airy siren
 Whose great beauty doth environ
 All my soul; but I will be
 Sad if she will not have me.
 And, by good St. Sozodont,
 I'll be bothered if she won't!



THE TARIFF QUESTION.

PROTECTION DEMANDED.

GRAND INDIGNATION MEETING.

A meeting was held last week at a well-known sporting resort—well, never mind where, but it was held; there is no question about that. It was for the purpose of protesting against the admission into the country, free of duty, of foreign poets, authors, prize-fighters, wrestlers, actors, actresses, beauties, lecturers and heiress-hunters.

Among those present were Dr. Mary Walker, the professional beauty, John L. Sullivan, the Boston aesthete, Mary Anderson, the Kalamazoo tragedienne, Clarence Whistler, the Western athlete, Mr. Levy, the American tailor, Madame O'Flaherty, the American dress-maker, Rev. Jo Cook, the American theological acrobat, Tony Pastor and Harrigan and Hart, the great American actors, and many other distinguished professional men and women.

Mr. John L. Sullivan was chosen to preside. He said that all this talk about the tariff was nonsense, as well as being unsatisfactory and unfair. Nothing would be acceptable to the assemblage that did not put a heavy duty on all foreign competitors in the professions that were so brilliantly represented. Neither he nor his friends wanted natives of other countries to come and deprive sons of the soil of their bread.

Look at Slade, for instance. Why should he be allowed to land free of duty, and, perhaps, knock out every pugilist in the country, and go back to New Zealand with millions of dollars in his pocket?

Mace and Slade ought never to have been allowed to set foot in the country until each one had paid at least twenty-five thousand dollars a-piece. What chance had a poor prize-fighter while such injustice was inflicted upon him? A prize-fighter was as good as a pig-

iron manufacturer or a paper-miller any day of the week.

The next speaker was Dr. Mary Walker, who dwelt on the cruelty of the present laws, which permitted an inferior beauty, such as Mrs. Langtry, to deprive native American loveliness of its just rights.

The duty on such creatures ought to be prohibitory. Think of the money that had been kept out of her (Dr. Mary Walker's) trousers-pockets by the present unjust state of things!

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg remarked that the object of the meeting was a righteous one. It made her almost blush with indignation when she thought that Nilsson and others, who should be nameless, but of equally foreign birth, should earn hundreds of thousands of dollars without having to pay for the privilege. It was an abominably horrid shame; so there, now!

The Reverend Jo Cook agreed with the views of the last speaker.

What chance had a lecturer in this country, when Oscar Wilde, Edward Freeman and Sergeant Ballantine could gather all the shekels they pleased, and no questions asked? Protection to native lecturing industry was his motto, and ought to be the motto of every man.

Then there were a few remarks from Miss Mary Anderson on native acting, and from Kit, the Arkansas traveler, on the boundlessness of American histrionic talent. The meeting adjourned after passing resolutions that a poll-tax of \$375,000 a head should be levied on any artist, actor or prize-fighter who might presume to visit this country. V.

THE "Speculative and the Practical in Religion" is the title of one of the leading editorials in our old bosom-friend, the *Independent*. Having studied the subject carefully, we do not hesitate to say that the speculative and the practical in religion is feeling sure of a happy future and putting a punched nickel in the church-plate at the same time.

Puckerings.

AND NOW doth the good Christian who lives up to his religion get fish-bones in his throat, while the vile sinner doesn't.

WE DON'T pretend to know where Wiggins obtained such a perfect knowledge of our wife's temper; but the storm on Friday was a terrible one.

"ROOM AT THE TOP"—Three dollars a week, one towel a day, no weather-strips, steal your soap. Oh, yes, sonny, we know all about that "Room at the Top."

IF YOU love me as I love you,
We two will fly to Kalamazoo,
Where boots are but five cents a shine,
And I'm your darling Valentine.

IT is whispered that no citizen will be allowed to vote for President in 1884 who can not make an affidavit that he has bought and read PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883—price, 25 cents.

MY HEART goes pit-a-pat, my Queen,
I'd like to swim in the Rhine,
My love I really cannot screen,
You're the finest girl I've ever seen
And I'm your Valentine.

IT is now suspected that the serpent who tempted Eve to eat the apple which made her feel the propriety of papering herself with fig-leaves, was working in the interest of a manufacturer of seal-skin ulsters.

WE THINK it our duty
To worship all beauty,
And to bow to a great arteest,
And with hooks you may gaff us
If Ilonka de Ravasz
Is not a fine pianceest.

HE is a born genius who, when going out in full-dress, succeeds in tying a white cravat around his standing collar without having the bow shift around under his ear or the whole business work up over the collar on his neck.

SEE LOVELY Violet
At the window fume and fret,
Pout and whine,
As she looks way up the street
For a festive and a sweet
Valentine.

AUSTIN DOBSON has written a "Ballad of a Thrush." Now he ought to take a quarter-crack at a "Sonnet of a Frog," or ring-gall his neat poetic points into a bob-tail "Rondeau of a Founder." But perhaps the task staggers him, and he heaves it up.

THE ROSE is red, the Violet's blue,
The Slapjack's brown, the Goat's écu,
The Pink is pink, and sometimes white,
And Cats are dusky in the night.
Don't play Base-ball with less than 9,
But be my blooming Valentine.

THE *Musical Critic and Trade Review* prints an article headed "Society for the Suppression of Musical Newspapers." We don't think it would be just to suppress a musical newspaper unless it confines itself to such music as "Capt. Jinks" and "Spring, Gentle Spring," and devotes its columns to the dissemination of organ-grinding, peripatetic band-playing and steam-music. We think it would be much better to start a society for the suppression of the accordion and the young man who is always willing to sing the "Larboard Watch" at a reception.

SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.



THE BULLDOZER.

THE DEFAULTER.

THERE BEING NO MORE MONEY IN THE OLD STYLE, HERE COMES THE NEW.

THE USUAL KNIGHT.

There was a Knight of Chivalry
In days of old, when maids were fair,
A salient man of might was he;
With tawny beard and curling hair.

And he rode forth to run a tilt
With whatsoever man he might;
And where he fought a cairn he built,
To mark the *locus* of the fight.



And thus this Knight of Chivalry
For days and days did onward ride
To far-off lands beyond the sea,
And there, tradition saith, he died.

But should the reader seek to know
More of the cairns built by this Knight,
I but reply, in accents low:
"He never built them cairns, because
He never fought no fight." S. I.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Political economy is a subject that engrosses the minds of many respectable bald-headed men throughout the country. It is no doubt a very beautiful and interesting subject, and when a man goes into the sere and yellow leaf, and puts away childish things, he takes it up, especially if he has ever felt any interest in politics.

Political economy is the art of being elected alderman without spending any money. All people believe in political economy, because very few know what it means. It seems to them something wildly grand and luxuriously beautiful. That is the reason they send illiterate men to Congress, and pay them handsomely to keep their mouths shut and rob the country when they get an opportunity.

In spite of all the political economy practised, members of Congress and the President receive larger salaries than they did during the war. And it is also a fact that the majority of men who get these high offices are the very men who know nothing about economy of any kind. They live like nabobs, and tell their fellow-beings how to get married on four dollars a week and save money.

This proves that the country can never be saved from financial ruin by the class of men who are at present running the Government. The only way to do is to elect long-headed, frugal men; for the men who understand domestic economy can soon be taught to grasp all the mysteries of political economy.

Consequently, domestic economists are the men most needed to bring about pecuniary reform, and perhaps the most eligible men are those whose reputations for economy are their chief characteristics. Now, if Congress were composed of men who could prove that they have made a ten-dollar overcoat last four winters, they would be just the persons to send to Washington. There are a great many men in the country who have performed this feat.

Besides, there are thousands of individuals who boast that they are fond of pie, beans and other cheap and unholy food. Now, if these men were to get a-hold of the reins of government, they would disseminate their ideas of economy among foreign ambassadors, and thus become a benefit to lands beyond the sea. They would give bean dinners in Washington, where pie dinners would also become ruling attractions in fashionable society.

As soon as bean and pie-eating became fashionable in Washington, the aristocrats and society leaders of New York and other large cities would follow suit, and the result would be that the fashionable afternoon tea would be superseded by afternoon beans. Society papers would announce that on a certain afternoon Mrs. Smith would give a bean, or that on last Saturday Mrs. Brown gave a most charming pie. These fashionable people would be followed by other grades of society, and in

a very short time the whole country would be eating mush and fish-balls, and trying to live as cheap as possible, in order to be high-toned.

At this rate, the people would live entirely on home products. They would ignore wines and other costly importations, and in a very short time everybody would have plenty of money, and the country would be rich and prosperous. Men with political ambition would go around in cheap clothes and patched shoes, in order to attract the attention of voters. And then the political parties would hang out their banners, with a view to showing the public how mean and how politically economical their candidates would be if elected.

This is the way the banners would read:

For Governor:
ADELBERT JONES,
(A Pie-Eater.)

For State Senator:
MARMADUKE STUBBS,
(Takes All He Can Get, and Gives Nothing.)

For Inspector of State's Prisons:
JOHN SMITH,
(Never Pays Rent, and Eats but One Meal a Day.)

For Lieutenant-Governor:
WALTER JONES,
(Wears Red Patches in his Trousers.)

For Congress:
JOHN DUSENBURY,
(Never Uses Sugar in His Coffee.)

For Member of Assembly:
JOHN DUFFY,
(Mends His Own Shoes.)

For Coroner:
JAMES MURPHY,
(Free-Luncher, who Goes into Cafés, Reads all the Foreign Papers, and Asks the Bartender for a Drink of Water.)

The rival parties would claim their candidates to be the meanest men alive, and newspapers would pay for campaign lies to beat their antagonists. Any past act of generosity on the part of a candidate would tend to defeat that candidate, while mean acts would make his outlook more blooming and fragrant.

That is all we know about political economy.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

"TWO IS COMPANY—"



RUSSIA:—"LET ME IN!"

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—FROM A CHINESE ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW.



MELICAN MAN ALLEE SENDEE WALITINE. MAKEE LUB, GETTEE MALLY, SHOOTEE LADY ON DAY CALLEE FOU'TEEN FLEBLELALLY.
FUNNY MAN, MELICAN MAN!

THE PILLOW INHALER.

Science is always fruitful of startling revelations, and scarcely a month passes that does not bring to light something more strange and curious than its predecessor. Every one is familiar with patent foods for making birds sing, and patent artificial hens—probably the kind served in boarding-houses—for incubating purposes.

We know that long German words have been successfully used as files, and that industrious boys have frequently sharpened their skates with them. We know, too, that after the same words have been made flexible by a chemical process, they may be covered with some woolen material and used for cleaning lamp-chimneys or beating carpets.

But, after all, perhaps one of the most marvelous, if not *the* most marvelous, scientific triumph is the Pillow Inhaler, which is liberally advertised as the great medical advance.

The natural inference is that the only animal extant capable of inhaling a pillow is the goat, and the chances are the goat might fail. The ostrich could never do it on account of the thinness of its neck. But now that we are informed of the fact that by inhaling a pillow we may cure our asthma, we naturally incline to the belief that we may rid ourselves of more malignant diseases by the inhalation of a bolster, or by taking a whole mattress bed and bedding into our bodies by the same process. Then we would have our bed and bedding with

us all the time, and we might lie down at will and have a sound sleep.

It would be a splendid scheme for tramps, as they might sleep comfortably on their beds; and not be obliged to pay room-rent or get up early. They would not be obliged to have any one come around to make their beds, either; nor would they have to have them revarnished or aired; and the slats would never fly out and let the sleeper down on the floor hard enough to break him.

To keep our beds in a state of cleanliness, it might, and no doubt would, be necessary to inhale a pound or two of Persian powder every spring; but what would this amount to, with the soothing knowledge of a bed in the system at all times to counteract it? A bed would thus last a long time, as it would never be rudely handled by servant-girls and carman, and a man could lie down with his boots on without kicking the varnish off.

It might seem that it would be a great friend to drinking men, since they would be enabled to go to bed at any time and place. But, on second consideration, it would also be an invaluable friend to the drinker for a very different reason. And it would be a friend to his wife and family for the same reason, too. It would prevent him from becoming intoxicated, for the mattress would absorb the whiskey and keep it out of his head. And, as the liquor would remain in the mattress, it would not be able to banquet on his interior, and the poisonous liquor would thus become harmless, and

the bed-inhaling process would be adopted by all the temperance societies in the land.

The orators would say: "If you must drink, first inhale a bed," and rich people would present poor and unfortunate friends with beds to keep them out of drunkards' graves. Fathers with marriageable daughters would inquire into the habits of eligible young men, and, on discovering their love for the flowing bowl, would meet them sternly at the door, and tell them to go and inhale a bed. And young ladies would work silk counterpanes and pillow-cases with monograms for their lovers, just as they now work hat-bands.

All the politicians in the land would be obliged to inhale beds, and the upholstery business would receive a signal boom. Sample-rooms would have beds for sale. The only trouble is that the beds might digest, and it would no doubt be unpleasant to go to sleep on a nice, comfortable bed, and wake up to find it digested and distributed through the system. The way to prevent this would be to secure a bed that has been used in the hall-room of a cheap boarding-house for a few years, because one of these engines can not be digested. Acid would not eat into one of them. It might just as well try to eat into a boarding-house spring-chicken.

Science is a great teacher, and we trust the pillow-inhaling cure will become popular; for it is a great thing that will cure diseases and be a well-spring of pleasure at the same time.

MASHINGTON NERVINE.

PUCK'S PLAN FOR ABATING THE STEAM-HEATING NUISANCE.



FASTEN THE DIRECTORS AND STOCKHOLDERS OVER THE MAN-HOLES, AND THEN LET THE PIPES BURST AS OFTEN AS THEY CHOOSE.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA. No. CCLXIII.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.



Ya-as, I was induced, not at great personal inconvenience to myself, to be aw pwsent at a weception given in the wooms of a club he-ah called the Union League Club. The "pwog" was weasonably fai-ah, and the general pwoceedings not uninterwesting. It appe-ahs that the affai-ah was on account of the twentieth anniversarwy of the organization, which was founded durwing a considerable civil wah which waged at that perwioid.

John Bwight was invited to be pwsent, but he wote to me that it was uttably impossible; he aw also wote to the club.

I listened to the weading of a poem, to a pwayah, and to an address delivahed by a formah pwime ministah of Americka aw, Ev-arts. *Mirwabile dictu*, I did not go to sleep, although severwal times I felt slumbah cwEEPing into my eyes, especially durwing the pwogwess of the othah speeches.

Then I wandahed throug'h the club-house, and ultimately wecollected that I had fwequently been in the establiishment as a guest befaw.

It is, I must admit, an extwemely handsome and wichly decorwated building, inside, and a considerable sum must have been lavished upon the furnichah and the ornamentation. Don't know that the Carlton is much bettah, although it is in a verwy differwent style.

Perwhaps, howevah, there is a twife too much elaborwation about this aw Union Club; but that is, of course, a mattah of taste.

Ya-as, on the whole, it is weally quite an extwensive club.

An old membah observed to me that I must be stwongly weminded of the Weform and Carlton Clubs by being in the Union League, as they were Bwitish political associations—one being Liberwal, the othah Conservative.

"Not in the least," I weplied: "ours will always wemain as they are. It is twue yours is a Wepublican political affai-ah, but the pwinciples on which it was founded are now wococo. It will aw ultimately degenerwate into a verwy superwi-ah social club."

"I dessay you are wight," he wejoined: "Indeed, if the Democwatic party evah manage to elect a Pwsident, people may soon forget there evah was a Union League Club in any wegion of the countwy."

"Ya-as, quite so," I murmahed, and soon aftah dwove home aw.

SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12th, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

What's the trouble this week? You have neglected your old friend, London *Punch*. What! not one reference to him? Ah, you young dog, I'm afraid some other "punch" has stolen away your affection this cold weather. Or is it that you, who are so full of wit, keen satire, and are such an adept at holding the mirror up to nature, have got out of patience with the poor old fellow's frantic and unsuccessful efforts as a humorist?

Now, don't be too hard on poor *Punch*, for you must remember he is debarred from the boarding-house, hoopskirt-tomato-can-and-goat line of jokes by reason of his age, and—generationally speaking—of the old, highly-preserved and salted people for whom he writes, who since somewhere about the time of the Spanish Armada have not tolerated them. How favored you are in comparison, for, besides being blessed with youth and vigor, you have a young, fresh and unsalted audience to entertain, and therefore can avail yourself of the advice: "Go 't while you're young."

Yours willin'ly,

BARKIS.

Mr. Barkis, you have filled our soul with grief, not to speak of chunks of remorse that also lie in that organ's vicinity, undigested. This is why we permit you with impunity to confer the title of "young dog" upon us, and to make yourself known to the universe through the columns of PUCK.

We plead guilty. We have neglected, of late, our catafalquean contemporary, the London *Punch*, but it was done in a spirit of charity. We did not wish to break up its circulation altogether in this country, because the *Shroud and Casket* would be without a rival, and undertaking interests might suffer. But it seems that our motives have been misunderstood, Mr. Barkis—by you, at any rate—and we grovel in the dust accordingly. *Punch* will therefore in future receive attention, "without prejudice," as the mercantile men say, to our boarding-house-hoopskirt-tomato-can-and-goat line of jokes, and, as the dear, grim old soul would remark, although you are a *willin'us* fault-finder, we are quite willing to make you, Mr. Barkis, fairly reek with happiness by no longer treating your favorite journal with indifference.

GETTING USED TO IT.

"What are you doing down there in that mud?" he said.

"Didn't you see me in the air?" said the other New Yorker.

"No."

"Steam-Heating Company. Nothing; yesterday I did better 'n that—reached the second story of a building."

"Life insured?"

"No; if I get insured they'll kill me, sure. Makes the second time I've been used as a base-ball for the company."

"Why don't you complain?"

"Millions of dollars against me; besides, I'm only an ordinary tax-payer. I am getting used to it. You see, the first time I was tossed into the air I tore around and threatened to do most everything to the company, and I had no sooner brushed the mud from my clothes when I was again shot into the air. Now I don't care what they do with me. I'd get lonesome without that steam-heating concern." W. L. C.

CHORUS OF THE CINCINNATI NEWSPAPERS THE WEEK OF THE FESTIVAL.

FIRST DAY'S REPORT. (*Allegretto scherzoso*.) 'Tis what we knew. We told you so!

SECOND DAY. (*Energicamente, grandioso*.) Divine! Divine! The like was never known!

THIRD DAY. (*Crescendo, con fuoco*.) Let me embrace the stars, my Joy!

FOURTH DAY. (*Furioso, prestissimo*.) Hallelujah! HALLELUJAH!

FIFTH DAY. (*Tutta Sforza, crescendo, repetendo*.) HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH!!

SIXTH DAY. (*Ditto, ditto tutti, ditto*.) Hip! Hip! HOORAY!!! [All swoon.]

PUCK. (*Burlesco*.) Oh! give us a Rest!

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



The last weeks of "Iolanthe" are announced at Henderson's STANDARD THEATRE, and it behooves those who are starving for knowledge of the British constitution and the three estates of the realm to go, that they may study the costumes and peculiarities of the peers. We want a real American aristocracy, and the "Iolanthe" nobles would make good models for the purpose. At the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, "Virginia," Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's fairly successful comic opera, holds the planks, while Lecocq's "le Cœur et la Main" (Heart and Hand) is in the throes of preparation. "McSorley" inflates with prompt and profitable regularity, at the THEATRE COMIQUE, every night in the week (Sundays excepted) and at some matinees.

The Moresque gorgeousness of the CASINO and the tuneful music of "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" draw crowded houses. The theatre is certainly the handsomest in this country. BOOTH'S THEATRE is keeping up its reputation for big things; "Monte Cristo" promises to be as successful an experiment as was the "Corsican Brothers," with the talents and efforts of Mr. James O'Neill, the *Edmund Dantes*, Miss Katherine Rogers as *Mercedes*, Mr. Gerald Eyre, Mr. Henry Lee, and the new and picturesque scenery. Anson Pond's play, "Her Anonement," has succeeded J. K. Emmet's "Fritz" at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. We never heard of Mr. Anson Pond, but by his work we shall know him.

The old ALCAZAR—how soon things are old!—has been transmogrified into the COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE, L. M. Hickey, manager, whither Mr. J. K. Emmet, in "Fritz in Ireland," has betaken himself. When we mention the Kiralfys, the "Black Venus" and NIBLO'S GARDEN, everybody knows that these mean a superb ballet and the acme of spectacular magnificence. The best piece in New York, at the present time, is to be seen at DALY'S THEATRE. "The Squire" must satisfy every lover of a thoroughly good drama. While free from indecency or vulgar sensationalism, it is at once highly dramatic and deeply interesting.

The metamorphosis in the cast at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, by which Mrs. Dick Booth becomes *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, and Miss Ada Dyas is the temporarily unhappy wife, is interesting; but we like the old way better. HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE is at present devoted to the production of English opera, the Boston Ideal Opera Company giving a rich and varied programme, comprising "Patience," "Pirates of Penzance," "Marriage of Figaro," "Mascot," "Bells of Corneville."

Mary Anderson has finished her engagement at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, where the Thalia Theatre Company, in Millöcker's latest comic opera, "Countess Dubarry," is now running. While there are certain points of Miss Anderson's acting to admire, yet it would have been better had she postponed blooming into a star until she had received training in a regular stock company. Compare her with Miss Maud Harrison, who began her histrionic career in a legitimate way, and is now reaping fame, if not fortune, in an up-town theatre by her admirable performance of a Parisian *dansuse*. We know that another year is upon us, because Denman Thompson is here once more—his periodical visit—at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, as *Joshua Whitcomb*.

We wandered into WALLACK's the other evening, and found the house crowded with a sympathetic audience listening to the deeply interesting story of "The Silver King." Mr. Tearle is on the best of terms with his part. Mr. Kelcey, as *The Spider*, the gentlemanly burglar, is both original and appropriately villainous as well as polished. Parts of Miss Coghlan's performance draw forth a copious supply of tears from the ladies—a proof of its general excellence. Salvini's farewell appearance, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, next Monday, must not be forgotten; and nobody in New York can forget it who has ever seen his *Othello*. Birch, Hamilton and Backus have now turned their attention to "Mother Goose and

the Golden Egg," which is as funny as PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883; and that is saying a great deal.

Herr Barnay played "Montjoye, the Man of Iron," on Tuesday night, at the THALIA THEATRE. The play is a translation from Feuillet, a French "situation" piece, in which one's feelings are harrowed in the most skillful manner, but with such evident malice prepense that on reflection one is ashamed at being touched by it. Herr Barnay has a very artificial part to perform; he does it well and in the manner of an accomplished actor, though not sympathetically. We notice that Herr Barnay is called in the bills the German Booth; but he is very little like Booth, and makes one think rather of the Théâtre Français, with his excellent make-up and admirable finish of style, not altogether devoid of coldness.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann have favored us with a copy of a very remarkable work, from the perusal of which we have risen with soothed feelings and an expanded imagination. It is called PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883, and it abounds in the choicest gems of art, priceless pearls of wisdom, satire and fun—all for the small charge of twenty-five cents. This notice must not be mistaken for an advertisement; it is the independent and mature opinion of this paper.

The book of "Health and Humor for the Million" is the St. Jacob's Oil Family Calendar, published by the Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore. Much of the health and happiness that the pamphlet confers upon its readers arises from the large supply of humorous sketches with which it is filled. Among the funny contributors are J. H. Williams, of the Norristown *Herald*, Charles H. Hoyt, of the Boston *Post*, Bill Nye, of the Laramie *Boomerang*, Sweet and Knox, of the Texas *Siftings*, and Joel Chandler Harris, of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*.

Messrs. J. B. Peterson & Brothers never seem to give their publishing mill a rest. A translation of Zola's "la Belle Lisa; or, the Paris Market Girls," is just out. It is in Zola's purest and most original style, though it is not as nasty as some of his other works.

EVEN THE BABY IS NOT SPARED.



THE DUTY ON DOLLS.

One of the recommendations of the Tariff Commission was that the duty on dolls imported from foreign countries should be increased. It is now thirty-five per cent ad valorem. The Commissioners thought it ought to be fifty per cent, and that is the rate reported by the Committee on Ways and Means in the Tariff Bill. The duty collected on dolls during the year ending June 30th, 1882, amounted to more than a quarter of a million of dollars, or, to speak exactly, \$276,731.—*New York Sun*, February 5th, 1883.

THE WIGGINS STORM.

Mr. Wiggins had now better close up his shop, take down his professional shingle, and retire from the rather precarious business of weather-prophet. And this is all because his weather-propheting has not been attended with that glorious success which he fondly hoped would crown it.

He intended to have a good big storm last Friday, and took occasion to advertise it all over the country. Strange as it may seem, he didn't hire Madison Square Garden to have his storm in, probably fearing that the police would put in an appearance and compel him to put a stop to it, and then arrest him and bind him over to keep the peace in this State.

It may be for this reason that he refused to show his storm, and very likely, now that Mace and the Maori have been permitted to pummel each other in this edifice, Mr. Wiggins will shortly bring his storm out and show the public what kind of a thing it is.

Now, if he would predict snow and skating next July, he could get plenty of free advertising between this and that time, and many jokes on the exhilarating pastime of sleighing with a pretty girl or skating on the rink. Providing people had faith in Wiggins, this would make a big boom in the fur and plumbing trades. Or if he would predict hot weather in March, it might keep credulous people from going to Florida and getting malaria.

But, after all, we would advise Mr. Wiggins to hold on to his cold snap, and have it hermetically sealed for the coming summer. At that time, when lemonade is sold on Broadway, and is so weak as to taste like homoeopathic medicine, then, ah, then, could Mr. Wiggins turn his storm loose in detachments and keep the city so cool that no one would be obliged to leave it.

This would rather spoil the sale of ice and ice-cream, and make fans a luxury little needed. It would also do away with the dog-pound, and enable ladies to sport around in seal-skin. Mr. Wiggins's other storm—for he has a pair of them—is to be exhibited on the 9th of March, if the authorities do not interfere. Now, why does not Mr. Wiggins introduce the storms to each other, and get them on good, friendly terms, and then take them around the country next summer, if he cannot rent them to the city?

He might go on a tour and take people along. Or the storms might be used by the army if we ever get into a war with a tropic country. And if they should happen to be lost, mislaid, or captured by the enemy, Mr. Wiggins would still be eligible for exhibition purposes in any respectable dime museum.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—You will be her valentine.

H. W. CANN.—The plural of chicken is eggs.

LILLIE.—We can't tell you his real name; but he is an awfully handsome fellow, with brown eyes and dark side-whiskers, and his jetty hair curls the least little bit, and he's a real dear.

YOUNG-MAN-WHOSE-NAME-WE-HAVE-FORGOTTEN.—No, sir, the eminent artist you speak of never slung lithographic ink on this paper. But one of our staff used his patent cartooning machine once, and your error is natural.

M. BRADY.—Mr. Brady, your situation is sad indeed if you borrowed your PUCK of a friend. But if you paid your ten cents for it, like a little man, you have the usual trade alternative—you may take your choice. We greatly regret that we can be of no assistance to you in this matter.

J. H. M., Washington, D. C.—Thanks; we will see. But unless the case is typical of many others, we are afraid that we shall have only a silent sympathy to chip in with. All the wrongs of the world can't be redressed in sixteen pages a week, no matter how much good will and coloring matter we may have on hand.

SLABSIDES.—Oh, you are a saddening humorist. The tears that we have wept over your consignment of paragraphs would water a turnip-field. You ought to have your jokes printed and scatter them around at funerals, just as though they were circus dodgers. They would start the water in the eyes of an eighteenth cousin with no expectations. Everything serves some good end in this beautiful world of ours.

WILLIAM S. D.—No, dear boy, little children don't die to slow music in this paper. Second Street on the right hand side, down the alley-way, third flight up, office of the *Fireside Circle and Housewife's Joy*. Pallid wives and heavily intoxicated husbands are also in great demand in that quarter. And if you have about your literary person an honest workman who never touches the deleterious draught that brings delirium and death, you can sell him there for \$2 a column.



LET THE POLITICAL ARMY MARCH

The U. S. Army is to have new drums. In their day the old drums did service.

As did service. Now they must retire to give place to better drums.—*Phila. Record.*

OUR NEW CHINESE NEWSPAPER.



OF COURSE IT WILL HAVE ITS OWN NEWS-STANDS AND NEWS-BOYS.

"A DREAM, A DREAM, AUTONOË!"

It was dreamy and warm, and comparatively quiet in the office. The first faint dimming of the afternoon light had dropped down over all things. The Goat munched lazily on the office-boy's rubber-boots. The Assyrian Pup yawned widely in his corner, and cast a hungry eye upon the waste-paper basket.

The Chief, with a gentle, resigned expression upon his worn face, was reading through a forty-line epigram just sent in by an ex-contributor to the London *Punch*. It was in heroic verse, and contained seven fragmentary quotations from various Latin authors best known by the samples of their work displayed in the back of Webster's Dictionary.

No sound broke the sacred stillness save an occasional spat between the Society Editor and the Goat Editor. The Goat Editor was reading Theocritus in the original, and wondering what the funny letters meant, anyway. This occupation grew monotonous, and from time to time he would let his fairy-like feet patter on the inlaid floor in meek imitation of the late Mr. Nelse Seymour. This would annoy the Society Editor, who was laboriously constructing a Murray Hill Puckering, and he would look up and tangle his alabaster brows and demand silence.

"I want to be quiet!" he would moan, pitiously.

"Be quiet, then," the Goat Editor would reply, gently but firmly.

Then the Chief would interfere, and chase away the lurid clouds of war, and all would be peace for a space, and the slumbrous afternoon was sanctified with silence.

The door opened and a mouth entered. The Assyrian Pup saw that mouth, and turned pale. Behind the mouth was a man, or a ghostly and shadowy imitation of one. He was sallow, he was seedy, he was gaunt and lean, and he looked as though he had been starved in a first-class lunatic asylum for many moons.

"Do you know my errand?" he said, as he sat down by the Chief's chair and laid an inky forefinger on the Chief's arm.

"No," replied the Chief, letting his fascinated gaze rest upon the unearthly countenance of his ghostly visitor. [Mrs. Henry Wood, 1849.]

"I want you to publish a letter of mine,"

said the strange guest: "a letter in behalf of an outraged public. I have written to you many times; but you have paid no attention to me."

"Are you the Man-who-wants-to-start-a-puzzle-department?" inquired the Chief.

"No," said the stranger: "my letter was signed 'Justice.'"

"Are you the man who writes the letters signed 'Justice'?" the Chief asked, with a look of new intelligence coming into his powerful face.

"All of them," responded the gaunt stranger: "You may also have seen other communications from me over the signatures of 'A Citizen,' 'Publicus' and 'Fair Play.'"

The Chief's face was lit up with a grisly joy. "Tell me one thing," he cried: "one thing only!"

"What is that?"

"Are you—are you 'Veritas'?"

"I am!"

With one bound the Chief had leapt from his seat and cleared the intervening space. To seize the miscreant by the throat was but the work of another second. The trap-door was wide open; a holy rage filled the muscles of the Chief's brawny arms with a supernatural strength; he hurled the struggling monster toward the giddy brink, when—

"Copy," said the Foreman,* as he stood off in the doorway, adjusting his collar and looking with a doubtful eye on the Chief: "Yes, I do want copy. I don't say anything about Editors who go to sleep when there ain't a take on the hook, but when it comes to Editors waking up and tackling hard-working Foremen in the neck, then I kick. Strangle this Foreman, and there won't be any paper out at all."

"Mr. Goat," said the Chief, severely: "I wish you'd give them a column immediately." And then the Chief sighed deeply.

"'Twas but a dream," he said.

AN ICE CARNIVAL—The Rockland Lake Company making up its balance-sheet.

THE LATEST cigar is called the "Seal-skin." We presume young ladies will not object to gentlemen smoking this particular brand during a game of whist.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

[The Editor of PUCK does not guarantee the correctness of the following announcements. They were brought in by a tall, thin man, who said they were all right. They look natural, somehow.]

"GA-GA," by Zola.

"BUSTA," by Ouida.

"SISSY," by Mrs. Oliphant.

"GET OUT!" by Charles Reade.

"KNOCKED OUT," by Wilkie Collins.

"LITTLE BLIP," by F. W. Robinson.

"GWYLDA WHOOP," by R. D. Blackmore.

"A BITE OF BLUE PILL," by Thomas Hardy.

"A TERRIBLE TUMBLE," by W. D. Howells.

"THE GHOST'S DIVORCE," by Miss Braddon.

"THREE TIMES IS OUT," by Rev. E. E. Hale.

"'Twas in GOWANUS BAY," by Walter Besant.

"THE PLUCKING OF A BRAND," by E. P. Roe.

"THE BELLE OF SOUR MASH," by Bret Harte.

"A COUNTESS OF CHEAPSIDE," by William Black.

"A COSMOPOLITAN POPINJAY," by Henry James, Jr.

"NON COMPOS MENTIS," by the Author of "Vice-Versa."

"BATHSHEBA; OR, PASSION'S PUNK," by Augusta J. Evans.

"THE BACK-PARLOR OF A MONOPOLIST," by William Henry Bishop.

"MYLIE THWICKSHAW'S OUTCOMING," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

"SIR ROWLAND HILL," ["English Men of Letters" series], by Leslie Stephen.

"THE BRIDELESS BRIDEGROOM; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. SMITHEGONDES," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.

INSECT POWDER.

FROM THE PERSIAN—BY PUCK'S PATENT HAFIZ.

Last year's ulster is lined with good intentions.

The breath of fame is but as dust; but oblivion is solid mud.

The laurel is for the brows of conquerors; but it is no good in an omelette.

Sweet are the hours of the Yum-Yum Valley; but they consider ice-cream sweeter.

Oysters secrete pearls; so does the jeweler when you send your ring to be re-set.

The wise young man of New York wears an eight-dollar dicer; but Plato went bald-headed.

The rosebuds fall from the bush, and the goat eats them up. But the poet can not eat his own poems.

Saadi, the poet, carried a Mackinnon pen in the folds of his turban; but, until he knew how to spell, it availed him little.

Wit is the dew-drop on the rose of conversation; but the distillation of it is not so profitable to the comic writer as attar of roses is to the perfumer.

The bulbul swings on the ghar-ghum bush, and the poet carols more sweetly than the bulbul; but the poet can not warble an exhausted free-lunch route into life again, all the same.

MY CHINAMAN.

Bung Lung was my Chinaman—not by proprietorship, exactly, but by discovery. Columbus discovered America. I discovered Bung Lung.

It was on a rainy night in November. I had been detained by an engagement until after midnight, and was making my way home through the dark and deserted streets. Far ahead I saw a single square of light pouring out upon the pavement, and as I drew near, there was something so cheerful in the lonely glow that I felt an eagerness to see where it came from—to see who could be keeping open business hours so late in the slumbering city.

As I passed into the square of light, where the rain-drops were pattering like beads of gold in the puddles, I glanced quickly in at the window and saw—Bung Lung. I shall never forget just how he looked that night. Clad in his dingy blue blouse, with the inflexible pig-tail hanging down his back, his yellow cheeks distended with a huge provision of water, and his two little withered and bilious-looking hands flashing in and out amongst the linen, he made as weird and strange a midnight vision as one might wish to see on his way home to bed.

Just as I looked in at the window, Bung Lung discharged a flood of water from his mouth upon the pile of shirts before him, and as a rivulet from my umbrella went down my neck at the same time, I had the distinct impression, as I passed on, that Bung Lung had baptized me with some Oriental incantation. I had never seen a Chinaman "washee washee" at midnight before, and it was a sort of revelation to me.

Well, about a week after I discovered Bung Lung I discovered also that a large pile of soiled linen had accumulated in my closet. A brilliant thought struck me.

"I will have my wardrobe cleansed at witching midnight!" I cried: "I will cultivate the acquaintance of Bung Lung!"

So that very day I tucked it all into a satchel, and marched down the street till I came to a placard with the legend:

BUNG LUNG,

Washing.

And, as I entered, Bung Lung was washing—he was always washing.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lung," said I.

Bung Lung turned toward me with his cheeks distended like a pair of aldermen's pockets. His little almond-shaped eyes seemed to be trying to trickle down into his nose, and his forehead looked about as wide as a yellow ribbon.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lung."

"Sc-o-o-sh—prit, prit. Moling."

"I have brought in this satchel, Mr. Lung, some soiled linen and—"

"Fetch shirtee?" inquired Bung Lung, concisely, folding up a garment of the same description so rapidly that I couldn't tell which end of it went into fold first.

"Exactly," said I: "and some collars and cuffs and underwear. And I wish to have them washed by your own peculiar methods, so that I can compare your work with that of my regular laundress, and govern myself accordingly."

At the commencement of this long speech Bung Lung picked up a dipper, and, lowering its contents some four inches, turned his back upon me and began to vigorously irrigate and disturb the pile of linen. By the time I had finished he had accomplished so much and become so absorbed in his work that he had evidently forgotten all about me. I remained silent for

a few moments, watching his flying elbows and the intermittent squirt from his thin lips, rapid and business-like as the darting of a toad's tongue. My acquaintance with Bung Lung had not proceeded very far, after all. I saw that I must introduce myself again.

"Mr. Lung!"

Bung turned around in the same way as before, with the same explosive cast of countenance.

"I was saying, Mr. Lung, that I had—"

"Fetch collar?" asked Bung Lung, with a swift squirt over his shoulder into the dipper; and his cheeks fell together like the sides of a bursted toy balloon.

"Yes; I have them here in my—"

"Fetch muchee hankelchef?"

"Yes, half-a-dozen, and also—"

Bung Lung had bustled round behind his little counter, and was beckoning impatiently to me. I walked over to him, and before I could say "Jack Robinson" the satchel was out of my hand, opened, a complete inventory of its contents taken, and three or four little chips of brown paper, with hieroglyphics on them, lay before me.

"What are those?" I asked, in surprise.

Bung Lung was also surprised. He did not know what answer to make. He evidently had never had a customer so dull of wits. He looked at me and then at the pieces of paper.

"Get Melican man shirtee, collar, hankelchef," he explained, with a comprehensive glance at the articles in question.

"But I don't want them until they are washed," I protested.

"Bung Lung washee washee!" exclaimed the little Chinaman, dancing around in a state of perplexity and exasperation bordering on frenzy. Then he suddenly snatched up the slips of paper and thrust them into my vest-pocket.

"Aha!" said I, as the truth flashed across me: "those are checks!"

Bung Lung's face lit up like a Chinese lantern, and with a grunt of satisfaction he made for his dipper. I picked up my satchel and walked reflectively out.

Three days later I passed again under the placard which announced that Bung Lung was washing, and found it to be a fact. I wondered if he ever stopped washing. I had thought so much about Bung Lung of late that he had come to be a part of my life. He fascinated me. I was fairly in love with him. I am sure my heart beat fast as I stood in his presence again. He did not notice me until I came up and laid my hand upon his pig-tail. The moment I did it I realized that I had committed an act of desecration. Bung Lung jumped up as though a red-hot pin had been run into his flesh, and turned around so suddenly that my irreverent hand actually collided with his apology for a nose.

"Melican man fool!"

This positive statement was delivered in a manner which admitted of no question or qualification. It was a dictum, and I accepted it as such. Still, I am sure that that rash act was the beginning of my acquaintance with Bung Lung. It brought me to his recognition. We glared at each other for a moment, and then Bung Lung's strong business instinct returned upon him, and he asked, blandly:

"Come for shirtee?"

I produced my checks, and all was loveliness between us. Bung Lung's modest bill was settled, and he relented so far as to invite me to "come muchee often," which I sacredly promised to do. And, indeed, I could not keep away. Bung Lung had completely turned my head. I could think of nothing else all day, and all night I dreamed of the little Mongolian and his pig-tail. I haunted his shop day and night. I even went so far as to borrow dirty shirts to excuse my frequent visits. On the sixth consecutive day of my coming Bung

TOO MUCH OF A BAD THING.



A certain Skipper came into the possession of a magic Mill, which would grind out anything the owner might wish for. The Skipper wished that it would grind out clipped dollars. It proceeded to do so at a tremendous rate, until all the Treasuries and Sub-Treasuries were crammed with them, and in spite of the Skipper's appeals to "stop," still continues to grind, and will do so until the vessel finally sinks.—[An Old Story Imitated.]

Lung's stolid features relaxed, and he favored me with a smile of appreciation.

"Melican man heap dirty," said he. It was a blessed concession—sweeter than honeyed words to my ears. At last Bung Lung had remarked my personality. I was no longer a nonentity to him!

After that our acquaintance grew rapidly. Bung Lung did not seem averse to my presence, even when I brought no offering of soiled linen in my hands. I used to lounge about the little shop and study Bung Lung under all sorts of conditions. At last, one day, after we had become delightfully familiar, an inordinate curiosity possessed me.

"Bung," said I: "how do you suppose you would look in a dress-coat?"

"Melican man's?" asked Bung.

"Precisely—how do you think you would look?"

"Muchee bully!" exclaimed my Chinaman, in raptures—"eh?"

"I will bring mine down to-night and see!" said I, no less delighted. So that night I brought down my precious swallow-tail, and Bung Lung got into it. Of course, it was too large for him. But nothing would suit him, he was so delighted, but he must run around the corner and show the "Melican man's spike-tail" to Ah Duck, a brother "washee."

"Melican man stay with shirtee," he pleaded, as I offered to go with him.

I stayed with the shirts, and Bung Lung sallied out in fine array. In about twenty minutes he came dashing back, coatless, panting, covered with mud, and apparently in a generally demoralized condition.

"Melican boys—catchee Bung Lung—catchee spike-tail—run away—leave Bung Lung in guttel!" he explained, in breathless accents.

Alas, my precious eighty-dollar vestment—it was gone; but I comforted the little Chinaman as well as I could, and presently he was squirting water on his pile of linen with perfect equanimity. I wondered at his calmness.

Next day I went into a pawnbroker's shop to price a second-hand swallow-tail, and the first one they handed me was—my own! I turned back the lining, and showed the old-clothes man my initials sewed in on a piece of kid.

"Who brought this coat here?" I asked.

"A Chinaman," replied the pawnbroker.

"A Chinaman!" I exclaimed: "Did he give his name?"

"Yes, I made him; I always do with that class."

"What was it?" I asked, with a choking sensation. The pawnbroker examined his book.

"Bung Lung."

"Bung Lung!"

I staggered out of the shop and made my way home as best I could. The next few days are a blank in my memory. Recollection returns with the picture of a burly policeman walking down the street with a very small, and very yellow, and very disagreeable little Chinaman—disagreeable to me. Reaction had set in.

Whose Chinaman was it?

Mine!

Bung Lung!

PAUL PASTNOR.

A SAMARITAN.

A DAY or two ago, on the Lake Shore road, a young man rushed into a parlor car and shouted at the top of his lungs:

"Is there a minister of the gospel in this car?"

"I am one," replied a tall, clerical-looking gentleman.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed the young man, grasping the brother by the hand: "A lady has fainted in the next coach; won't you be kind enough to lend me your whiskey flask?"

—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

THE "KNOCKING OUT" MANIA.



SPINOLA SLADE:—"YOU CAN'T SIT ON MY HEAD!"

SULLIVAN KELLY: "NO; YOUR COLLAR PROTECTS YOU!"

"THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING."

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883. As good and richly entertaining as PUCK has been in former years in his extra visit through his Almanac, or ANNUAL, this year he has far outstripped all his former efforts, thus showing that the little genius is a full believer in constant progression, and that he never will be content to rest upon laurels already won, but is ever seeking for pastures new. That part of the ANNUAL given to the calendar, with its beautiful and original illustrations, and the humor of each month, is richly worth the price of the whole, while it is but a small fraction of the contents. There is a rich variety of stories, sketches, poems and wise saws—all original, and some two hundred or more illustrations, also original and most entertaining studies. — *Boston Home Journal.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 has a calendar for the different months, embracing particular directions which will be recognized and adopted by those who have an eye to fun. A poem faces each one of the calendars. In general make-up the book is strictly unexceptionable in character, quaintness and peculiarities; some of the popular follies of the day are exposed—particularly the editorial delights—while others are exposed in a peculiarly sarcastic way. Taken all in all, there are a great many hearty laughs in the book, and nothing which can offend the most fastidious. We wish PUCK every success in his last but by no means least production. — *Cotton, Wool and Iron (Boston).*

PUCK'S ANNUAL. This annual feast of fun and flow of drollery has been duly received, and contents absorbed. It is as full of mirth as the office-goat of Spring poetry. In variety, originality and sparkling surprises, it is ahead of all its predecessors; and as a curative agent in cases of gout, mumps, neuralgia or tooth-ach sciaticus, we know not of its equal. PUCK's artists are at their best, and its poets, punsters and paragraphic soloists have covered themselves with glory. — *New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The Tribune is in receipt of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883, published from the office of the celebrated PUCK in New York. Within its handsome covers about \$29,000,000,000 worth of the liveliest fun can be procured for 25 cents. No well-regulated family should endeavor to combat the storms and blizzards peculiar to this climate without a copy of this valuable work in the house. Send for it. — *Duluth Tribune.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 reached us yesterday, and thoroughly deserves a few words of hearty commendation. It is issued in handsome style, and is full of prose and verse from the pens of well-known writers. "The Barefoot Boy" is perhaps the best thing in the ANNUAL. — *New York Sunday Courier.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 is a very attractive number, brimful of funny things from the pens and pencils of numerous well-known writers and artists. — *Boston Transcript.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 is quite up to, if not a little above the mark of merit fixed by its predecessors. It is full of bright, sparkling, pungent and original fun, running over with fresh ideas and radiant with humorous engravings. PUCK'S ANNUAL is worthy of its parent sheet; the force of commendation can no further go. — *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 delighteth the hearts of its million friends. Its illustrations are many and pointed, its articles bristle with good hints, and the book, taken as a whole, is altogether a beauty. No one can keep house in proper style without it. And it only costs twenty-five cents. — *Yonkers Gazette.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL.—PUCK'S annual budget of fun for 1883 is out. It is a repository of the brightest squibs and quirks of humorous writers, and is artistically illumined by drawings contributed by J. Keppler, F. Oppen, B. Gillam, F. Graetz, E. S. Bisbee, and L. F. Schliessbach. — *Chicago Evening Journal.*

Everybody who reads PUCK already knows that that scantily-clad little fellow has issued his ANNUAL for 1883. It is illustrated, and contains several very amusing sketches, poems and other entertaining reading-matter. — *The American Waterbury.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 is up to the standard of the humor of PUCK, and it is prettily printed and illustrated. — *Philadelphia Progress.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 is, as usual, bright and clear. — *New York Herald.*

CASTORIA.

Life is restless and days are fleeting,
Children bloom, but they die in teething;
Example take from Queen Victoria,
Children nine all took CASTORIA.
No sleepless nights from babies crying,
Like larks they rise in early morning.

We are astonished at the endeavors of parties to introduce new remedies for coughs and kindred complaints when they should know that the people will have Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and nothing else.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

"TEXAS SIFTINGS"
Can be Found on Any News-Stand in New York.

A TALE OF OLD NEW YORK.
The Origin of Knickerbocker Aristocracy.
With Four Illustrations.
See PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883. Price 25 Cents.

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. Price \$1.00. By mail to any part of the United States or Canada, \$1.25. KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.

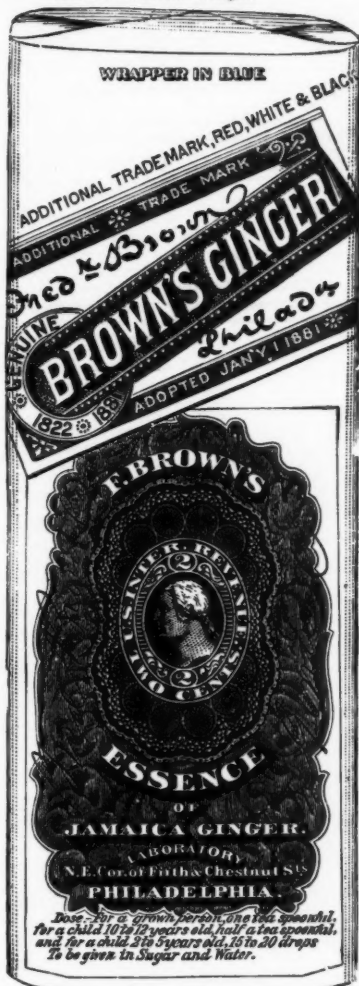
CAUTION!

Unprincipled persons desiring to deceive the public with their imitations, usually copy

- I. The FLASK-shaped Bottle.
- II. The BLUE Wrapper.
- III. The general style of steel engraved Trade-Mark LABEL adopted 1858, for BROWN'S GENUINE GINGER.

The additional Trade-Mark in Red, White and Black, was adopted Jan. 1, 1881, to meet just such FRAUDS.

Below is a fac-simile of Wrapped Bottle (reduced $\frac{1}{2}$ of Frederick Brown's Ginger.



For sale by Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers in all parts of the world.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

KEEP'S SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, NECK WEAR, HOSIERY, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.

Descriptive Circulars, containing samples and directions for self-measurements, mailed free. Address all letters to headquarters of

KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
637 to 640 Broadway, New York.

NICOLL The Tailor,

ALL STYLES AND ALL KINDS OF GOODS FOR OVERCOATS,

Light and Heavy Weight, and in All Colors, Made to Order, from \$20.
620 BROADWAY, Near Houston St.,
And 139 to 151 Bowery, between Grand and Broome Sts.
Samples, with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT, with Fashion Book, sent free by mail everywhere. Branch stores in all principal cities.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address
STURSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

THEY met on Woodward Avenue yesterday. When they had remarked on the blizzard, one of them said:

"Oh, say, my wife told me to express her thanks to you."

"For what?"

"Why, she fell down somewhere along here the other day, and you kindly assisted her. I also de—"

"Don't mention it—all a mistake—thought it was a pretty milliner up the street," interrupted the other, and they coldly parted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FIVE men leaned up against the bar for a night-cap. One drank whiskey because the doctor ordered it; two others drank a hot Scotch because they couldn't sleep a wink without it; a fourth drank brandy for his cholera morbus, and the fifth man drank whiskey because he liked it. And there were only four liars in the crowd.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS—Lilly M. S., Monmouth, Ill.: "Would you be so kind as to give me a receipt for a baked plum-pudding?" Certainly, Lilly, certainly. Send on your baked plum-pudding, and we'll send you a receipt for it by return mail. Could you send a three-cent stamp to cover postage?—*Texas Siftings.*

A NOVEL tea—The unadulterated article.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Die at home among friends. Don't go to far-off cities or foreign lands to suffer and die alone, but stay at home and live by using Hop Bitters, that drives away the first approach of disease.

Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

BAUS PIANOS

PRICES LOW. in use at the Grand Conservatory of Music. TERMS EASY. Warerooms: 26 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

"Texas Siftings."
The Great Humorous Weekly
Illustrated—5¢ a copy.
Sold by all NEWSDEALERS.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

KEY TO HEALTH. Ask your DRUGGIST for it.

"DAR'S One More Ribber for to Cross" and 200 other Choice Songs and Ballads, words and music, all for 16c. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay Street, New York.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1873.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear.

PUBLISHERS PUCK.

ECHOES OF ACHES.*

An old butcher, way out in Missouri,
With neuralgia he suffered like fury,
St. Jacobs Oil banished
The pain, which a while vanished—
And prevented a coroner's jury.

An insurance agent, named Pyle,
In running fell over a stile,
St. Jacobs Oil gave relief,
And the pain was so brief,
He got up and said: "I should smile."

A Congressman speaking one day,
Got lame in his jaw, they do say,
With the ache he was toiling,
But a St. Jacobs Oiling,
He said was worth all his pay.

The sick man who went in cold water,
Was crazy—so said his daughter;
Rheumatics seized him
And nothing eased him,
Till St. Jacobs Oil cured, as it oughter.

A ball-player out at La Crosse,
Got his arm in a twist by a toss.
Now to all he does tell,
St. Jacobs Oil made him well;
Of pain-cures he calls it "the boss."

Said a sick young man from Fauquier,
Can St. Jacobs Oil be boughtier?
Yes, for rheumatic pains,
Neuralgia and chilblains,
'Tis indeed, Sir, very much soughtier.

A medical student, named Daustin,
Got sick with the mumps in Bostin,
But as in the Hub
They St. Jacobs Oil rub,
A cured student went back to Austin.

A big-handed sawyer, named Shaw,
Put his finger too near the buzz-saw,
He saw his mistake,
But each pain and ache
St. Jacobs Oil cured in his paw.

A tourist leaning out of a nook,
Fell on his head near a brook,
The hurt he received
St. Jacobs Oil relieved,
And he says it cured "like a book."

A rheumatic young lady at Vassar,
Whose teacher declined to pass her,
St. Jacobs Oil bought,
And the cure it wrought
Showed that none could out-class her.

A granger, whose name is Bob Shield,
Was mowing the grass in his field,
By a snake he was bitten,
And he has just written,
"St. Jacobs Oil has the bite healed."

A car conductor named Gunion,
Plastered his foot with an onion,
The onion struck in
And took off the skin;
St. Jacobs Oil cured the bunion.

O'Reilly, who worked at pneumatics,
Was crippled and lamed with sciatics,
Again he is well
And anxious to tell
St. Jacobs Oil cured his rheumatics.

An Ohio man, named Major Stacy,
With toothache went nearly crazy.
He is happy again,
And says that for pain
St. Jacobs Oil is just a daisy.

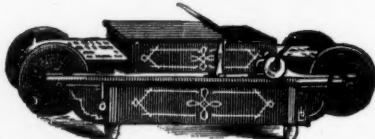
A red-haired clerk in Savannah,
Slipped on a piece of banana,
Great pain he endured,
But St. Jacobs Oil cured,
He now goes dancing with Hannah.

A York auctioneer, named Pryer,
Fell in trying to reach a bid higher,
He sprained his knee,
But from pain he is free,
St. Jacobs Oil cured up the crier.

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DECKER BROTHERS' MATCHLESS PIANOS, 33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

THE ORGUINETTE



IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

IT PLAYS EVERYTHING—SACRED, SECULAR AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

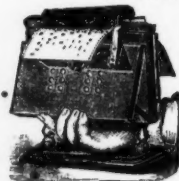
Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen operating mechanically as Orguettes, Musical Cabinets, and Cabinetos, at the most novel and interesting music warehouses in the world.

No. 831 Broadway,
Between 12th and 13th Sts. NEW YORK.
THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees. Send for Circular.

THE AUTOPHONE.

For Grown People and Children.

THE FINEST AND CHEAPEST AUTOMATIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT EVER OFFERED.



This instrument, containing 22 Notes (6 more than is contained in any other like instrument), is unequalled for durability, power and sweetness of tone. Larger sizes for House, Lodge and Chapel, contain 32 Notes. Send for Circular and Catalogue of Music.

The Autophone Co.,
ITHACA, N. Y.
CANVASSERS WANTED.

WATCHES for the Million.

The largest assortment in the World from the smallest to the largest also in Solid Gold, Silver, and Nickel Cases, from \$5 to \$150—all reliable and each fully warranted. Chains, Rings, Lace Pins, Earrings, Bangle Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Studs, etc., at prices in reach of all. Also, bargains in Diamonds. An article of Jewelry is the most suitable gift for a lady or gentleman, and this is the best place to buy it.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,
363 Canal Street, New York.
Price list free.



Gentlemen who Smoke should cleanse their teeth daily with

SOZODONT.

This aromatic vegetable dentifrice cools and refreshes the mouth, purifies the Breath, and renders the Teeth Clean and White. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT (new) Illustrated Book, Sent Free, E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

A LECTURER undertook to explain to a village audience the word phenomenon.

"Maybe you don't know what a phenomenon is. Well, I will tell you. You have seen a cow, no doubt? Well, a cow is not a phenomenon. You have seen an apple-tree? Well, an apple-tree is not a phenomenon. But when you see the cow go up the tree tail foremost, to pick the apples, that is a phenomenon."—*Boston Post.*

NOTHING makes a hard-working married woman so mad as to work all the morning making stuffing and uncanning jelly, and then to find out that the canvas-backs her husband has hung up on the back porch are only a lot of decoys he has bought for a shooting-trip.—*San Francisco Post.*

BRANDY in mince-pies has been the horror of temperance people for twenty years past, but a recent analysis shows that the heat evaporates all the brandy and leaves nothing but the flavor. Nevertheless, it's a waste of brandy, as nobody cares about the flavor of a mince-pie.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOME men are ever ready to offer a remedy for everything. The other day we remarked to one of these animated apothecary shops: "An idea struck us yesterday—" And before we could finish he advised us: "Rub the affected parts with arnica!"—*Hartwell (Ga.) Sun.*

*It is the common observation that the standard of natural health and normal activity, among American women, is being lowered by the influence of false ideas and habits of life, engendered by fashionable ignorance and luxurious living. It is a happy circumstance that Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham has come to the front to instruct and cure the sufferers of her sex.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS.
ALL THE POPULAR STYLES.



ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS. An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN,
(Successor to J. W. HANCOX.)
Sole Agent for the United States.

61 Broadway, NEW YORK.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.



CRANDALL & CO.,
569 3d Avenue, near 37th St.
Established over 40 years.

Centennial and other awards. Latest styles Baby Carriages, in cane, reed, and wood, \$5 to \$50, warranted. Largest variety. Also Velocipedes, Propellers, Doll Carriages, and Boys' Wagons. Carriages, C. O. D., anywhere. Wholesale and retail. Send for descriptive circular. Cut this out.

OPEN EVENINGS.

Please Take Notice!

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 1, 2, 3,

at 25 cents each.

A limited number is on hand and for sale at

The International News Company,
29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.

The Sun

NEW YORK, 1883.

TO THE BUSINESS PUBLIC.

The subjoined table shows the total circulation of the several editions of THE SUN for 1882, as compared with the corresponding figures of the preceding year:

1882.	1881.
Daily, 44,678,656	Daily, 39,701,161
Sunday, 7,414,114	Sunday, 7,037,604
Weekly, 3,443,260	Weekly, 3,498,154
Total, 55,536,030	Total, 50,236,919

Five million more SUNS were bought and read in 1882 than in 1881. The average circulation of the several editions during the whole of the past year was:

Daily,	143,200
Sunday,	141,810
Weekly,	66,216

THE SUN has advertising space to sell. From its compact form an advertisement in THE SUN is more readily seen than in the blanket sheets, hence a few lines in its columns will serve to attract the widest attention. A five line advertisement in THE SUN, costing only two dollars, reaches over half a million readers. This is unquestionably the cheapest and most efficient mode of attaining publicity and procuring customers anywhere obtainable.

ADVERTISING RATES.

In Daily and Sunday Editions the price of Advertising is Forty Cents per Agate line. Large type Eighty Cents. Reading Notices One Dollar and Fifty Cents on third page, and Two dollars and Fifty Cents on first and second pages, per Agate line.

In Weekly Edition the price is Fifty Cents per line of Agate space, without extra charge for large type. For preferred positions Seventy-five Cents to Two Dollars per line.

THE SUN, 166, 168 & 170 Nassau Street, New York City,

In 20 Numbers, of superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A Sample of each for trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 Cents. Ask your Stationer for the SPENCERIAN PENS. IYSON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., New York.

ARION SOCIETY. GRAND MASQUERADE BALL. Madison Square Garden. FEBRUARY 21, 1883.

TICKETS, \$5.00,
Admitting ONE Gentleman and Lady.
EXTRA LADY'S TICKET, \$2.00.

Tickets can be obtained at:
CONSTANTIN SCHMIDT, 33 Broad Street.
OGDEN & KATZENMAYER, 83 Liberty Street.
C. M. VOM BAUR, 93 Greene Street.
PALM & FECHTELER, 6 W. 14th Street.
WILHELM & GRAEF, 1141 & 1143 Broadway.
F. SPANGENBERG, 609 Sixth Avenue.
MICHAELIS & LINDEMAN, Cor. Wall & Broad Streets.
F. J. KALDENBERG, 125 Fulton St. & 6 Astor House.
GEO. HANFT, 795 Broadway.
NETZEL & FRAMBACH, 27 Union Square.
HANFT BROS., 224 Fifth Avenue.
CHAS. GIEBEL, 260 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
GEO. EHRET, 92nd Street & Second Avenue.
Tickets can also be had at ARION HALL, 19 & 21 St. Mark's Place, and from all Members.



1883 MODEL WORKING 1883 TOY ENGINES AND FIGURES.

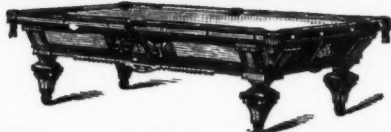
We send Engine, Figures, Pulleys, Belt, etc., all complete as per cut, and in working order, by mail for \$1.50. Our complete Catalogue, 196 large pages, 4,000 illustrations, by mail, 25 cents.

PECK & SNYDER,
Nos. 126, 128 & 130 Nassau Street, New York.

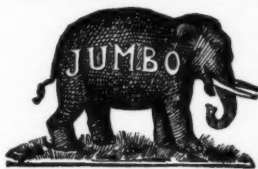


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BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES,
New and Second-hand, at Low prices and on easy terms.
Warerooms: 900 BROADWAY, Corner 20th Street, N. Y.

DECKER'S



POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,
with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.
Good second-hand tables always on hand.
WAREHOUSES, 722 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



Billiard and Pool Balls,
CHECKS,
MARTINGALE RINGS,
BRUSHES,
MIRRORS and COMBS,
AT THE
**WELING
COMP. IVORY MFG. CO.**
251 Centre St.
Send for the Jumbo Catalogue.

THEISS'S MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT,
134 and 136 East 14th Street.
Opposite the Academy of Music.
CONCERT EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

"SWEET AS THE ROSE."
Beautiful new set of 600 Palettes, by mail, on receipt of two 3c. stamps
WHITING, 50 Nassau Street, N. Y.

THE mongoose is an animal whose delight is to pursue and fight snakes, of which it has no fear, and a Texas man, who had a pet mongoose, gave the animal liquor to produce delirium tremens, because he thought it would make the creature so happy.—*Boston Post.*

It is said that the Nickel Plate road is operated at a dead loss of \$750,000 per year. The stock-holders should have started a circus without any admission fee and given the whole country a chance to profit by their generosity.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HUMAN bones have been found in the debris of the old post-office in New York. They are supposed to be the remains of people who were reckless enough to bother the stamp clerk while he was reading the last novel.—*Philadelphia News.*

A COLUMBUS negro dreamed one night that he found \$5 at a certain place in a certain street. Next morning he went to the spot and there he found \$1. He is now thinking whom to sue for the other \$4.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A MAN always looks through his pockets four times before handing his coat to his wife to have a button sewed on, and even then he is filled with nameless fear until the job is completed.—*Rochester Express.*

WHEN you see a sour-faced woman sifting ashes on her sidewalk, it is difficult to tell whether she loves the human race or hates the new carpets of her next-door neighbor.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE dispatches state that State Treasurer Vincent, of Alabama, played poker. A poker-player and somebody else's money are soon parted.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE Assistant Postmaster-General is no Quaker, although he always keeps his Hatton.—*Lowell Courier.*

If people must find fault, let them find fault with the weather. Nothing can hurt that.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"*Said a sufferer from kidney troubles when asked to try Kidney-Wort for a remedy. 'I'll try it, but it will be my last dose.' It cured him and now he recommends it to all. If you have disordered kidneys don't fail to try it. At Drug-gists, \$1.

Second Edition: PUCK'S ANNUAL Price 25 Cents.

24 JAPANESE 20x20: Napkins or handkerchiefs by mail 25 cents.
G. W. LAKE, 74 Pine Street, N. Y.

THE BEST THE QUEBER WATCH CASE

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address
H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

CONSUMPTION I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth \$10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

TAPE WORM.
INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to
H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

AMERICAN Star Soft Capsules.

CHEAPEST, QUICKEST, SUREST, BEST AND MOST RELIABLE SOFT CAPSULES
GENUINE ONLY IN
Metallic Boxes, Star Stamped on Cover, with Blue Wrapper with Star Monogram.
Ask your Druggist for them; take no other.
VICTOR F. MAUGER, General Agent,
Factory: 110 Beado St., New York.

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PIANOS.
PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
Salesroom: 149-155 E. 14th Street, N. Y.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

COTTON DRESS FABRICS.

Now opening their Spring Importation of
Sateens, Batistes, French and English Percales, Cheviots and "Anderson's" Zephyr Gingham, many of them exclusive designs.

**BROADWAY and 19th St.
NEW YORK.**



Geo. B. Cluett, Bro. & Co.'s
LATEST CROWN COLLAR.

HEIGHT IN FRONT, 2 1/4.
HEIGHT IN BACK, 1 1/4.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

FITS

A Leading London Physician establishes an office in New York for the cure of **EPILEPTIC FITS.**

From Am. Journal of Medicine.
Dr. Ab. Meseroles (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address
Dr. AB. MESEROLES, No. 96 John St., New York.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN

**100-FLORINS
Government Bond,**
Issued in 1864.

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemable in drawings

FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY,
Until each and every bond is drawn, with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw a prize, as there are no blanks. The three highest prizes amount to

**200,000 Florins,
20,000 Florins,
15,000 Florins,**

and bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a Premium of not less than 200 Florins.

The next drawing takes place on the
1st of March, 1883,

and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of March is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

Out-of-town orders, sent in registered letters enclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars, and any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
No. 150 Broadway, N. Y. City.

[Established in 1874.]

N. B.—In writing, please state you saw this in the English PUCK.

THE PRINTING INK used on this publication,
manufactured by **GEO. H. MORRILL & CO.**



CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Applicants for Keeperships in Our State's Prisons and Reformatories Should Be Required to Pass a Competitive Examination.